

THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

B. R. COWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.]

"HE WHO LOVES NOT HIS COUNTRY CAN LOVE NOTHING."

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POETRY.

From Punch.

A Nightingale in the Camp.

The men before Sevastopol! a heroic host
There never stood, in hardship and in peril, at their post,
The foremost of those warriors 'twere a famous thing to be!
And there the first among them goes, if thou hast eyes to see.

'Tis not the good Raglan, nor yet the great Omar,
No, nor the fierce Pelissier, though thunderbolts of war,
Behold the soldier who in worth excels above the rest,
That English maiden yonder, is our bravest and our best.

Breave men, so-called, are plentiful, the most of men are brave,
So, truly, are the most of dogs, who rock not of a grave;
Their valor's not self-sacrifice, but simple want of head,
But courage, in a woman's heart, is bravery indeed.

And there's Mercy's Amazon, within whose little breast
Burns the great spirit that has dared the fever and the pest,
And she has grappled with grim Death, that maid so bold and meek;
There's a mark of battle fresh upon her pallid cheek.

That gallant gentle lady the camp would fain review:
Throughout the chief's escort her with such honor as is due,
How many a prayer attends on her, how many a blessing greet!
How many a glad and grateful eye among that host she meets!

Now goes she to look forth upon the enemy's strong-hold,
O, daniel, when its story in after time be told,
When not a stone of that thieves' den shall rest upon a stone,
No man shall with its memory live longer than thine own.

Among the world's great women thou hast made thy glorious mark;
Men will hereafter mention make of thee with Joan of Arc;
And fathers, who relate the Maid of Saragossa's tale,
Will tell their little children, too, of Florence Nightingale.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From "Putnam" for June.

THE MORMON'S WIFE.

[CONCLUDED.]

"The third summer was unusually warm in our parts, and its heats followed upon a long wet spring, caused much and grievous sickness, and I was obliged to be out at all hours with the dying, and at funerals, so that my bodily strength was well nigh exhausted, and at haying-time, just as I was cutting the last swath on my river meadow, which is low-lying land, and steamed with hot vapor as I laid it bare, to the sun, I felt forward across my scythe-south and fainted. This was a beginning of a long course of fever, of typhoid character, during which I was either stupor or delirious most of the time, and, while I lay sick, there came a letter to me from Salt Lake City, written chiefly by John Henderson, who begged me to come on if it was a possible thing and see his wife, who was wasting with a slow consumption, and much bent upon seeing me. I could discern that the letter was not willingly written; it was stiff in speech, though written with a trembling hand. At the end of it were a few lines from Ada herself, a very impatient and absolute cry for me, as if she could not die till I came. Now Martha had opened this letter, as she was forced to by my great illness, and having read it, asked the doctor if it was well to propound the contents to me, and he said decidedly that he could not answer for my life if she did; so Martha, like a considerate woman, wrote an answer herself to John Henderson (of which she kept a copy for me to see), setting forth that I was in no state to be moved with such tidings; that, however, I should have the letter as soon as the doctor saw fit, and sending her love and sympathy to Ada, and a recommendation that she should try balm tea.

"After a long season of suspense, I was graciously uplifted from fever, and enabled to leave my bed for a few hours daily; and when I could ride out, which was only by the latter end of October I was given the child's letter, and my heart sank within me, for I knew how bitterly she had needed my strength to help her. It was a warm autumn day, near to noon, when I read that letter and, as I leaned back in my chair, the red sunshine came in upon me, and the smell of dead leaves upon the hop-vine one late blossom, spared by the white frosts, and dropping across the window, also put forth its scent, bringing Adeline, as it were, right back into my arms, and the faintness passed away from me with some tears, for I was weak, and a man may not always be stronger than his

nature. Now, when Martha soured the horn for dinner, and our hired man came in from the hill lot, where he was sowing wheat I saw that he had a letter in his hand of great size and thickness; and, coming into the keeping-room where I sat, he said that Squire White had brought it over from the Post-office as he came along, thinking I would like to have it directly. I was rather loth to open the great packet at first, for I brought myself it was likely to be some Consecration proceedings, which were never otherwise than irksome to me, and were now weary to think of, seeing the grass-hopper had become a burden. I reached my spectacles down from the nail, and found the post-mark to be that of the Mormon city; and with unsteady hand I opened the seal, and found within several sheets of written letter-paper, directed to me in Ada's writing, and a short letter from John Henderson, which ran thus:

"DEAR SIR,
"My first wife, Adeline Frazer Henderson, departed this life on the sixth of July, at my house in the city of Great Salt Lake. Shortly before dying she called upon me, in the presence of two sisters, and one of the Saints, to deliver into your hands the enclosed packet, and tell you of her death. According to her wish I send the papers by mail; and, hoping you may yet be called to be a partaker, in the faith of the saints below, I remain your afflicted, yet rejoicing friend."

"JOHN HENDERSON."
"I was really stunned for a moment, my young friend, not only with grief at my own loss, but with pity and surprise at the entire deadening, as it appeared, of natural affection in the man to whom I had given my daughter; and also conscience was not free from offense, for I could not but think that a more fervent and wrestling expostulation, on the sin of marrying an unbeliever, might have saved Adeline from sorrow in the flesh. However, I said as much as seemed best at the time, and upon that reflection I rested myself; for he who adheres to a pure intention, need not repent of his deeds afterwards; and the next day, when my present anguish and weakness had somewhat abated, I read the manuscript Ada had sent me.

"It was, doubtless penned with much reluctance, for the child's natural pride was great, and no less weighty subject than her husband's salvation could have forced her to speak of what she wrote for me; and, indeed, I should feel no right to put the confidence into your hands, were not my child beyond the reach of man's judgment, and long as I see feel a sacred duty to protest, so did I see life, against this abominable Mormon delusion, and the no less delusive pretext of doing evil that good may come. I cannot read Ada's letter aloud to you, for there is to be a funeral at two o'clock, which I must attend; but I will give you the papers, and you may sit in my chair and read; only, be patient with my bees, if they come too near you, for they like the hop-blossoms, and never sting unless you strike."

So saying, Parson Field gave me his leather chair and the papers, and I sat down in the hop-crowned porch, to read Adeline Henderson's story, with a sort of reverence for her that prompted me to turn the rustling pages carefully, and to feel startled if I doir swung to in the quiet house, as if I were eavesdropping; but soon I ceased to hear, absorbed in her letter, which began as the first did.

"Dear Uncle,
"To-day I begged John to write, and ask you to come here. I could not write you since I came but that once, though your letters have been of great comfort, and I added a few words of entreaty to his, because I am dying, and it seems as if I must see you before I die; yet I fear the letter may not reach you, or you may be sick; and for that reason I write now, to tell you how terrible a necessity urged me to persuade you to such a journey. I can write but a little at a time, my side is so painful; they call it slow consumption here, but I know better; the heart within me is turned to stone. I felt it when—Ah! you see my mind wandered in that last line; it still will return to the old theme; like a fugue tune, such as we had in the Plainfield singing-school. I remember one that went, 'The Lord is just, is just.'—Is He? Dear Uncle, I must begin at the beginning, or you never will know. I wrote you from St. Louis, did I not? I meant to write from there, but I had a dreary journey, not so bad from Fort Leavenworth, but after that incessantly dreary, and set with tokens of the dead, who perished before us. A long reach of prairie, day after day, and night after night; grass and sky, and graves; grass and sky, and graves; till I hardly knew whether the life I dragged along was life or death, as the thirsty, feverish days wore on into the awful and breathless nights, when every creature was dead asleep, and the very stars in heaven grew dim in the hot, sleepy air—dreadful days! I was too glad to see that bitter inland sea, blue as the fresh lakes, with its gray islands of bare rock, and sparkling sand shores, still more rejoiced to come upon the City itself, the rows of quaint, bare houses, and such cool water-sources, and, over all, near enough to rest both eyes and heart, the sunlit mountains, 'the shadow' of a great rock in a weary land."

"I liked my new house well. It was too large for our need, but pleasant for its airiness, and the first thing I did, was to take a little hop-vine, that I had brought all the way with such great care, by the east porch. I wanted something like Plainfield in my home. I don't know why I linger so, I must write faster, for I grow weak all the time."
"I liked the City very well for awhile; the neighbors were kind, and John more than that, I could not be unhappy with him—I thought. We had a pretty garden, for another man had owned the house before us, and we had not to begin every thing. Our next door neighbor, Mrs. Colton, was good and kind to me, so was her daughter Lizzy, a pretty girl, with fair hair, very fair. I wonder John liked it after mine. The first great shock I had was at a Mormon meeting.

I cannot very well remember the ceremony, because I grew so faint; but I would not faint away lest some one should see me. I only remember that it was Mrs. Colton's husband with another wife being "sealed" to him, as they say here. You don't know what that means, Uncle Field; it is one part of this religion of Satan, that any man may have, if he will, three or four wives, perhaps more. I only know that shameless man, with grown daughters, and the hair on his head snow-white, has taken two, and his own wife, a firm believer in this—faith! looks on calmly, and lives with them in peace. I know that, and my soul sickened with disgust, but I did not fear; not a thought, not a dream, not a shadow of fear crossed me. I should have despised myself forever if the idea had stained my soul; my husband was my husband—mine—before God and man; and our child was in heaven; how glad I was she could never be a Mormon!

"I was sorry for Mrs. Colton, though she did not need it, and when I saw John leaning over their gate, or smoking in the porch with the old man, I thought he felt so, too, and I was glad to see him more sociable than ever he was in the States. After awhile he did not smoke, but talked with Elder Colton, and then would come home and expound out of the book of Mormon to me. I was very glad to have him earnest in his religion, but I could not be. Then he grew very thoughtful, and had a silent fit, but I took no notice of it, though I think now he meant to have me, but I began to pine a little for home, and when I worked in the garden, and trained the vines about our verandah, I use to wish he would help me as he did Lizzy Colton, but I still remembered how good he was to pity and help them."

"Oh, fool! yet I had rather be a fool over again than have imagined—that I am glad of even now—I did not once suspect."

"But one day—I remembered every little thing in that day—even the slow ticking of the clock, as I tied up my hop-vine; and after that I went into the garden, and sat down on a little bench under the grape trellis, and looked at the mountains. How beautiful they were! all purple in the shadow of sunset, and the sky golden green above them, with scarlet cloud floating slowly upward; I hope I shall never see a red cloud again. Presently John came and sat by me, and I laid my head on his shoulder; I was so glad to have him there—it cured my home-sickness; once or twice he began to say something, and stopped, but I did not mind it. I wanted him to see a low line of mist creeping down a canon in the mountains, and I stood up to point it out; so he rose, too, and in a strange, hurried way, began to say something about the Mormon faith, and the duties of a believer which I did not notice either very much—I was so full of admiring the scarlet cloud—when, like a sudden thunder-clap at my ear, I heard this quick, resolute sentence: 'And as, according to the advice and best judgment of the Saints, Elizabeth Colton will be sealed to me after two days, as my spiritual wife.'"

"Then my soul fled out of my lips, in one cry—I was dead—my heart turned to a stone and nothing came out of my mouth. I did not speak, or sigh, but sat down on the bench, and John talked a great deal; I think he rubbed my hands and kissed me, but I did not feel it. I went away, by-and-by, when it was dark, into the house and into my room. I looked out the door and looked at the wall till morning, then I went down and sat in a chair till night; and I drank, drank, drank, like a fever. All the time cold water, but it never reached my thirst. John came home, but he did not dare to touch me; I was a dead corpse, with another spirit in it—not his wife—she was dead and gone to heaven on a bright cloud. I remember being glad of that."

"In two days more he had a wife, and I was not his any longer. I stood up stairs when he was in the house, and locked my door, till after a great many days, I began to feel sorry for him. Oh! how sorry! for I knew—I know—he will see himself some day with my eyes, but not till I die. Then I found my lips full of blood one morning, and that pleased me, for I knew it was a promise of the life to come; now I should go to heaven where there aren't any Mormons."

"I believe, though, people were kind to me all the time; for I remember they came and said things to me, and one shook me a little to see if I felt; and one woman cried. I was glad of that, for I couldn't cry. However, after three months I was better; worse, John said one day, and he brought a doctor, but the man knew as well as I did—so he said nothing at all, and gave me some herb tea—telling Aunt Martha that."

"Then I could walk out of doors, but I did not care to; only once I smelt the hop-blossoms, and that I could not bear, so I went out and pulled up the hop-vine by the roots, and laid it out, all straight, in the fierce sunshine, it died directly. In the winter John had another wife sealed to him; I heard somebody say so; he did not tell me, and if he had I could not help it. I found he had taken a little adobe house for those two, and I knew it was out of tenderness for my feeling he did so. Oh! Uncle Field! perhaps he has loved me all this time! I know better, though, than that! Spring came, and I was very weak, and I grew not to care about anything; so I told John he could bring those two women to this house if he wished, I did not care only nobody must ever come into my room. He looked ashamed, and pleased too; but he brought them, and nobody ever did come into my room. By-and-by Elizabeth Colton brought a little baby down stairs, and its name was Olara. Poor child! poor little Mormon child! I hope it will die some time before it grows up; only I should not like it to come my side of heaven, for it had blue eyes like John's."

"Then I grew more and more ill, and now I am really dying, and no letter has come from you! It takes so long—three whole months, and I have been more than a year in the house with John Henderson and the two women. I know I shall never see you, but I must speak, I must, even out of the grave; and I speak hearing that old fable. 'The Lord is just, is just; the Lord is just and good!'

Is He! I know He is; but I forget sometimes. Uncle Field! you must pray for John! you must! I cannot die and leave him in his sins, his delusion; he does not think it is sin, but I know it. Pray! pray! dear Uncle! don't be discouraged—do not fear—he will be undeceived some time; he will repent, I know! The Lord is just, and I will pray in heaven, and I will tell Nelly to, but you must. It says in the Bible, 'the prayer of a righteous man'; and oh! I am not righteous! I should not have married him; it was an unequal yoke, and I have borne the burden; but I loved him so much! Uncle Field! I did not keep myself from idols. Pray! I shall be dead, but he lives. Pray for him, and, if you will, for the little child—because—I am dying. Dear Nelly—"

"Are you blotting my letter, young man?" said Parson Field, at my elbow, as I deciphered the last broker, trembling line, of Ada's story. "Here I have been five minutes, and you did not hear me!" I really had blotted the letter!

Not Ashamed of Ridicule.

I shall never forget a lesson, which I received when quite a young lad, at an Academy in the B—-. Among my school fellows were Hartly and Jemson. They were somewhat older than myself, and to the latter I looked up as a sort of a leader in matters of opinion as well of sport. He was not at heart malicious, but he had a foolish ambition of being thought witty and sarcastic, and he made himself feared by a besetting habit of turning things into ridicule, so that he seemed continually on the look out for matter of derision.

Hartly was a new scholar, and little was known of him among the boys. One morning as we were on our way to school he was seen driving a cow along the road toward a neighboring farm. A group of boys among whom was Jemson, met him as he was passing. The opportunity was not to be lost by Jemson.

"Holla!" he exclaimed, 'what's the price of milk! I say, Jonathan, what do you fodder on! What will you take for all the gold on her horns! Boys if you want to see the latest Paris style, look at those boots!'

Hartly waving his hand at us with a pleasant smile, and driving the cow to the fence, took down the bars of a rail fence, saw her safely in the enclosure, and then putting up the bars, came and entered school with the rest of us. After school in the afternoon he let out the cow, and drove her off, none of us knew where. And every day, for two or three weeks, he went through the same task.

The boys of B—Academy were nearly all the sons of wealthy parents, and some of them, among whom was Jemson, were dunces enough to look down with a sort of disdain upon a scholar who had driven a cow. The sneers and jeers of Jemson, were accordingly often renewed. He once on a plea that he did not like the order of the barn, refused to sit next to Hartly. Occasionally he would inquire after the cow's health pronouncing the word 'ke-ow,' after the manner of some of the country people.

With admirable good nature did Hartly bear all these silly attempts to wound and annoy him. I do not remember that he was even once betrayed into a look or word of angry retaliation.

"I suppose, Hartly," said Jemson, one day, 'I suppose your daddy means to make a milk man of you.'

"Why not?" asked Hartly.

"O nothing; only don't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them—that's all!"

The boys laughed, and Hartly, not in the least mortified, replied—

"Never fear; if ever I should rise to be a milk-man, I'll give good measure and good milk."

The day after this conversation there was a public exhibition, at which a number of ladies and gentlemen, from neighboring cities were present. Prizes were awarded by the Principal of our Academy, and both Hartly and Jemson received a creditable number; for in respect to scholarship, these two were about equal. And the ceremony of distribution, the Principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a gold medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost, as because the instances were rare which rendered its bestowal proper. It was the prize of heroism. The last boy who received one was young Manners, who three years ago, rescued the blind girl from drowning.

The Principal then said that, with the permission of the company, he would relate a short story. "Not long since, some scholars, were flying a kite in the street, just as a poor boy on horse-back rode by on his way to the mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home, and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the scholars who had unintentionally caused the disaster, none followed to learn the fate of the wounded boy. There was one scholar, however, who had witnessed the accident from the distance, who not only went to make inquiries, but stayed to render services."

This scholar soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow; whose sole means of support consisted in selling the milk of a fine cow of which she was the owner. Alas! what could she now do! She was old and lame, and her grandson, on whom she depended to drive the cow to pasture, was now on his back helpless—'Never mind, good woman,' said the scholar, 'I can drive your cow!' With blessings, and thanks the old woman accepted his offer.

But his kindness did not stop here. Money was wanted to get articles from the Apothecary. 'I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair boots with; but I can do without them for a while.' 'O no,' said the old woman; 'I cannot consent to that; but here is a pair of cowhide boots that I bought for Henry,' who can't wear them. If you would only buy these, giving us what they cost, we should get along nicely.' The

scholar bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

Well, then it was discovered by other boys of the Academy that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed every day with laughter and ridicule. His cowhide boots in particular were made matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely, day after day, never shunning observation, and driving the widow's cow, and wearing his thick boots, contented in the thought that he was doing right; caring not for all the jeers and sneers that could be uttered. He never undertook to explain why he drove a cow; for his heart was not inclined to make a boast of his charitable motives, and furthermore, in his heart he had no sympathy with the false pride that could look with ridicule on any useful employment. It was by mere accident that his course of kindness and self denial was yesterday discovered by his teachers.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to you—was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, Master Hartly, do not shrink out of sight behind the black board! You are not afraid of ridicule, you must not be afraid of praise. Come forth, come forth, Master Edward James Hartly, and let us see your honest face!"

At Hartly, with blushing cheeks, made his appearance, what a round of applause, in which the whole company joined, spoke the general approbation of his conduct! The ladies stood upon the benches and waved their handkerchiefs. The old men wiped the gathering moisture from the corners of their eyes, and clapped their hands. Those clumsy boots on Hartly's feet seemed a prouder ornament than a crown would have been on his head. The medal was bestowed on him amid general acclamation.

Let me tell a good thing of Jemson, before I conclude. He was heartily ashamed of his ill natured raillery, and, after we were dismissed, he went with tears of manly self rebuke in his eyes and tendered his hand to Hartly, making a handsome apology for his past ill manners. 'Think no more of it, old fellow,' said Hartly, with delightful cordiality; 'let us all go and have a ramble in the woods before we break up for vacation.' The boys one and all, followed Jemson's example, and then we set forth, with huzzas into the woods—What a happy day it was!

John Bright on the United States.

The following remarks on the United States were delivered in the British House of Commons by the Hon. John Bright, on the 7th ultimo.

There is a country called the United States of America. Only on Tuesday night the very remarkable circumstance occurred—and I think the House will be of opinion that it is one worth notice—of two of the distinguished men being present listening to the debates in the House, who have occupied the position of President of the United States [Hear, hear.]—a position I venture to say, not lower in honor and in dignity than that of any crowned monarch on the surface of the globe. [Hear, hear.] The United States is precisely the country that is running with as the race of power and of greatness. Its population will, I believe, at the next census, exceed the population of the United Kingdom; in its manufactures and general industry it is by far the most formidable rival that the great manufacturers of this country now have to contend with; it has, I suppose, ten steamers for one steamer of this country; its magnificent steamships have crossed the Atlantic in a shorter time than the steamships of this country; the finest vessels which are at this moment performing the voyage between England and the Australian colonies, have been built in the United States; therefore in ship-building industry the United States not only compete with but in some respects excel this country.

Look at our present position and that of the United States. May I entreat the attention of the House, for I am not desecrating, I am not making a party attack, I am treating that of which, in my mind, is of vital importance to every family in the kingdom! This year the Chancellor of the Exchequer told you that he must have a sum of £20,000,000 in order to carry on the various departments of your government, and to defray your vast military expenditure. The United States has at this moment in her Treasury, enough, I think, to pay off all her debt. Deduct the whole amount of the expenses of the Government of the United States, not only of the General Government, but also of the 30 independent sovereign States, from the £28,000,000 we are spending and you will find that about £75,000,000 will be left, which is therefore the sum of taxation that we are paying this year more than the people of the United States. Some honorable gentlemen know what it is to run a horse that has been weighted. I heard the other day of a horse that won every race in which it started up to a certain period, when it was for the first time weighted. It then lost the race, and it is reported in the annals of the turf that it never won a race afterwards. [Hear, hear.] If that be the case with regard to a horse, it is much more true in regard to a nation. When a nation has gone a step backwards it is difficult to restore it to its position; if another nation has passed it in the race, it is almost impossible for it to regain the ground it has lost. [Hear.] I now speak particularly to honorable members opposite, for there are perhaps, more gentlemen upon that than upon this side of the House in the happy position of owners of vast, productive, beautiful, and I hope unencumbered estates in various parts of the kingdom. [Laughter.]

We are now 10 days' journey from the United States, and within 10 years we shall be in communication with that country by telegraph as quickly as we now do with the Crimea. I hope it will be for a much better object. [Hear.] The people of the United States are our people, and there are few families in England who have not friends and relatives connected with or settled in that

country. The inducements of men to remain at home and their attachment to the place of their birth are necessarily to some extent weakened by the facility with which they can now travel almost around the world in a few weeks. Do you believe that when the capital of the greatest banking house in Lombard street can be transferred to the United States on a small piece of paper in one post that the imposition of £75,000,000 of taxation over and above the taxation of an equal population in the United States, will not have the effect of transferring capital from this country to the United States, and if capital, then trade, population and all that forms the bone and sinew of this empire! I ask honorable members to remember what fell on a previous evening from the right honorable gentleman, the President of Works. The right honorable gentleman talked of the war lasting, perhaps six years without resources undiminished. Now nothing is easier for a Cornish baronet, possessing I am afraid to say how many thousands a year, a member of a Cabinet, or for all those who are surrounded with every comfort to look with the utmost complacency upon the calamities which may befall others, not so fortunately situated as themselves. Six years of this war and our resources undiminished! Why, Sir, six years of this war, at an annual expenditure of £75,000, give £450,000, to the side of the United States as against the condition of the people of this country.

A Jealous Wife of a Masonic Husband.

An anecdote is related of a wife who was very jealous of her husband, who was a worthy member of the Masons. One evening a bundle came to the house, marked for him and labelled "private." Of course this was sufficient for female curiosity, and therefore she indulged in inspection. Horror of horrors! Blanket, baby's linen, bird's eye, etc., greeted her astonished eyesight, and dreams of "two families" floated through her brain. The husband soon came in, and after tea, when his wife discovered in his eye the treachery of his conduct, as she supposed, he took the bundle and went out—but not alone, the jealous wife was on his track. The faithless husband little imagined that she who supposed herself so foully wronged was hovering after him. He stepped into the house of a friend, who also joined him, carrying a small bundle. The wife became doubly excited for the prospect of having a companion in misery did not impress her with the idea of a division of her grief, but only an addition to it. She followed closely, and soon halted before a small tenement which they entered. Here she paused to meet a council of war. What tactics to follow she was in doubt, but determining to storm the citadel, she knocked, and hastily brushed by a little child, and in a second burst upon the astonished husband, the embodiment of innocence. Her feelings were about to express themselves when the scene before her caused her to reflect. A poor woman on a sick bed, a babe not old enough for christening, a child in a crib, two little girls in a bed, met her eye. She read the story at a glance, and returned home under escort of her lord and his friend, who assured her that she had discovered the great secret of M. sorry. She never arrived at a false conclusion from appearances again.

—Kaiserbocker

Gen. Houston and the Battle of San Jacinto.

General Houston, in a recent address, in relation to the battle of San Jacinto, gave a version of the history of his incidents, and his own connection with them, which has brought out a host of indignant commentators who not only deny the truth of his narrative, but accuse him of cowardice and incapacity. The New Orleans Picayune, of the 27th ult. says:—

"The first to reply was David R. Burnett, formerly President of Texas, and by the mails which arrived yesterday we have two other addresses—one by Gen. Sidney Sherman, and one by Gen. Mirabeau B. Lamar, also once President of Texas. These gentlemen were officers during the battle of San Jacinto, and they concur with Burnett in declaring Gen. Houston's narrative false through out, and in affirming that the battle was fought against the wishes and judgment of Houston, who is accused, moreover, of behaving with personal cowardice, as well as showing utter incapacity as a general. Gen. Sherman says that whenever a full narrative of the battle is given truthfully to the world, 'Gen. Houston's mushroom fame will rapidly decompose and sink into putrescence with the mass of falsehoods upon which it rests'; and Gen. Lamar says, 'My own opinion is that he himself (Houston) was the only coward on that field. I can name no other, and him I know as one.'"

A BEAUTIFUL CUSTOM.—Among the French settlers in Canada, on the lower St. Lawrence is a very peculiar custom—something like the golden marriage in Germany:—

"Whenever a venerable couple have trod the path of life together for fifty years, they summon to a banquet under their roof, from every quarter of the land, all their children and grand children, in whose presence is re-performed the ceremony that made them man and wife half a century before, when the feasting and the dancing, which continue for two or three nights together, bespeak a most heartfelt happiness as well as gratitude; and at the expiration of every five years from that time until separated by death, the aged pair continue to repeat the ceremony of pledging their vows of fidelity and truth."

The following true story comes from Kansas: Sixty yoke of red bulls, according to the *Frontier News*, were seen last week by an old lady in Kansas, hitched to an empty wagon, which was mired in the streets of this city. The team reached entirely from hill to hill, across one of our valleys, vulgarly called guta. The wagon, being very tight

in the mud, refused to move; the consequence was, when that portion of the team in the lead over on the other hill, spread themselves in a strong pull, and straightened the chains, that 20 yoke of the bulls in the centre were suspended in mid air by their necks, something less than 50 feet above ground.

THE WHEAT PROSPECT.—We have made inquiry during the past week among farmers in this country in regard to the depredations of the Fly and Weevil, and we are gratified to say that the prospect thus far is fine for a good crop. The copious rains and cold weather since the rains commenced, have had the effect of keeping back the weevil, and it is probable it will get so far advanced as to resist the operations of this destructive insect, by the time we have warmer suns and warmer nights. The rains have caused portions of rank fields to lodge; but this cannot be extensively the case.—*Manchester Shield*.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Drinks for Harvest.

There is nothing which creates thirst more than laboring in the sun—and such being the case, it is the duty of the master to have a cool and refreshing drink supplied once in each hour to his hands in the field. A hand would be well occupied whose time was devoted to this object, and it would be well to have a small hand cart fitted up with a five-gallon keg or a half barrel, in which should be a drink composed in the proportion of one gallon of water, half a gallon of molasses and one quarter of a pound of ginger. The whole should be well stirred together, and served out hourly. This drink we have frequently recommended, because we know it to be invigorating, and refreshing and safe, no matter how cold the water may be. The cooler the water, the more grateful will it be to the palate, the more refreshing to the system, the surer of giving tone and strength to the harvester.—*American Farmer*.

The following is said to be not only an excellent and pleasant beverage, but a cure for Diarrhoea:—Recipe.—To half a bushel of blackberries, well mashed, add 1 lb of alspice, 2 ozs. cinnamon, 3 ozs. cloves. Pulverize well, mix, and boil slowly until properly done. Then strain or squeeze the juice through homespun or flannel, and add to each pint of the juice one pound of loaf sugar. Boil again for some time; take it off and while cooling, add half a gallon best cognac brandy. Dose.—for an adult, half a gill to a gill; for a child, a teaspoonful or more, according to age.

To Cure Croup.

Divest the child of all clothing about the neck and chest; then bathe the throat and upper part of the chest freely with cold water. Let this be done by pouging, sponging, or very frequent application of wet cloths. While this is being done, prepare warm water, and immerse the feet in it. This gives relief in a short time, when the child should be put quietly to rest, with a jug of warm water to the feet, when perspiration and sleep soon follow.

Any one can follow these directions immediately, and it is a complaint which is soon fatal, unless checked in the early stages and many precious lives are lost because a physician is not at hand, until too late to save from suffocation.

I have often tried this, and it never failed to give relief in one hour, often in half that time.

Blackberry and Wine Cordial.

This is the season of blackberries, and we avail ourselves of the kindness of a friend to publish the following excellent recipe for making cordial. It is recommended as a delightful beverage, and an infallible specific for diarrhoea, or ordinary diseases of the bowels:

Recipe.—To half a bushel of blackberries, and 1 lb. of alspice, 2 ozs. cinnamon, 2 ozs. cloves. Pulverize well, mix, and boil slowly until properly done. Then strain or squeeze the juice through homespun or flannel, and add to each pint of the juice one pound of loaf sugar. Boil again for some time; take it off, and while cooling, add half a gallon of best Cognac brandy.

Dose.—For an adult, half a gill to a gill; for a child, a teaspoonful or more according to age.

We also append the following excellent recipe for the manufacture of a superior wine from blackberries:

Measure your berries and bruise them; to every gallon adding one quart of boiling water. Let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally; then strain off